

# THE MASTER OF MAN :-: By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Manxman," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

## PERSONS OF THE STORY

**VICTOR STOWELL**—A brilliant young doctor, son of Chief Judge, of the Isle of Man. He is a man of noble and noble, though in a moment of mutual passion he has, to great later penitence over the secret sin, had illicit relations with the girl.

**BESSIE COLLIER**—A handsome but illiterate peasant girl, who really loves Victor's chum.

**ALICK GILL**—Agreeable but somewhat weak, who pretends to be a doctor, but in reality is a charlatan.

**SPEAKER GILL**—The rich and influential head of the Manx Parliament.

**WENILLA STANLEY**—A great-hearted and beautiful girl with advanced ideas on women's rights, who is in love with Victor and he with her.

**GENERAL STANLEY**—Governor of the Isle of Man.

**DAN BALDROMMA**—A brutal farmer, victor of Beattie, and who tries to use her trouble, for which he thinks Gill is responsible, as a lever to advance his own fortune.

**Beattie's child**—The illegitimate daughter of the night of his secret birth. She plans to bury it.



Some one was coming up the glen when the lantern he carried was swinging by his side as he walked

SOMEWHERE in the early morning (Dan having gone to bed also) Beattie got up to make ready. She found herself very weak, and it took her a long time to dress. When she was about to put on her shoes she remembered that they were new and told herself they would creak as she went downstairs, so she decided to go barefoot again.

Having finished her dressing, she took from under the bedclothes what she had hidden there, and began to wrap it in a large silk scarf. It was the scarf she had worn in the storm—a present from Allick, with "Beattie" stamped on one corner.

Carrying her name at the last moment, she tore a strip of the scarf away, and threw it aside (intending to destroy it in the morning), opened her door, listened for an instant and then crept downstairs and out of the house.

The night was chill and the ground struck cold to her body. It was very dark, for the moon and stars had gone out, and there was no light anywhere except the dull red of the gorge fires on the mountains, which had sunk so low as to look like a dying eye. But Beattie could have found her way blindfold.

Carrying her burden, she crossed the wooden bridge and reached the path that went up the glen. Just as she did so she heard the sound of singing, of laughter and of merriment on the high road. A company of jolly girls and boys were driving home after one of their bachelor balls in a neighboring parish. That cut deep, but Beattie thought of the dark and the wound passed away. She would return to him in a few days; they would be married soon, and then she, too, would be glad and happy.

The dark was under the trees, though. She had left it late. The dawn was near, for the first birds were beginning to call.

"It must be here," she thought, and she slipped down from the path to the bed of the glen.

But the trees were thicker there, and being already in early leaf, they obscured the little light that was left in the sky. Yet she knew the way. The briars were tearing at her dress and the tall nettles were stinging her hands. She was feeling weak and lost and had begun to cry. How the dogs howled at her straggling farm bridge!

Suddenly a breeze rose and fanned the gorge fires on the mountains to a crackling glow. And then a red flame rose the darkness and lighted up the valley from end to end, making it for a few moments almost as clear as day.

Beattie was terrified. Here was the Clagh-ny-Doonee almost at her feet, but this bright light was like an accusing eye from heaven looking down on her and pointing her out.

For a moment she wanted to drop down among the briars and hide herself. But making a call on her resolution, she crept up to the big stone, and she pushed her burden under the overlapping lip of it, and then rose, turned about and ran.

Trembling and weeping, she stumbled her way home. It was lighter now. The day was coming rapidly and the small spring leaves were shivering in the cold wind that runs over the earth before the dawn.

The lambs were bleating in the unseen fields, and the newly born ones were making their first pitiful cry. It sounded like the cry of her child as she had heard it last night, and it tore her terribly.

The little face, the little hands, the little feet she had left behind—why had she not been brave and strong and faced the world with them?

Should she stop and go back? She tried to do so but could not. The more she wanted to return the faster she ran away.

Her strength was falling, and she was scarcely able to put one foot before another. Often she stumbled and fell and got up again. Was she going the right way home?

"Allick! Allick!" she cried, and the hot tears fell over her cold cheeks.

At last she saw the dark roof of the millhouse against the leaden gray of the sky. She reached the bridge over the millrace when she felt a light on her face and saw a figure approaching her. Somebody was coming up the glen, and she started to turn and greet him, but the instant of self-preservation took possession of her. Dazed, dazed, breathing rapidly and trembling in every limb, she crossed the bridge quickly, crept up to the door of the dwelling house, stumbled upstairs to her room, tore off her outer garments, dropped back on to the bed, and then fell (almost in a moment) into the sleep of utter exhaustion.

III

Bridget Skillicorne had had a cough that night. It had been suffering from a cold, probably due to grazing among the rank grass which had been lying under the water that had been drained away. But Bridget was sure that that dirt Baldromma had "wretched" it (twisted it) just to spite her for what she had said.

She had tried a hot bran mash in vain. The cow still whined and roared, so nothing remained, if they were not to lose their creature, but that Will should go to the Ballawainie (a witch-doctor who lived nine or ten miles away on the seaward side of the Curragh) and get a charm to take off the witching.

Old Will, being a class-leader, was well aware that such sorcery was the arts of Satan. But if the cow died it would make a big hole in their sticking-purse to buy another, so his conscience compounded with his pocket, and he agreed to go.

Aw well, a few good words will do no harm at all," he said, and carrying his stable lantern he set out toward the mill on his long journey.

When Bridget, taking another lantern, a half-killed stocking and a broken stool, went into the cow-

house to sit up with her cow and watch the progress of its malady.

Toward midnight the creature became calm and, after her legs under her, lay down to sleep. But Bridget remained three hours longer in the close atmosphere of the cowhouse, waiting for old Will to think of Dun, and making her needles go with a furious click at the thought of his threat to evict her.

The upper half of the cowhouse door stood open, and somewhere in the dark hours toward dawn she was startled by a bright light and the hissing and crackling of a sudden fire outside. She knew that it was the same fire on the mountains (not uncommon), but nevertheless she stepped out to see.

She saw more than she had expected. In the glen below her, where, where she had thought she stood out for a moment in the glare of the burning gorge, she saw the figure of a woman. The woman was standing by the Clagh-ny-Doonee. She had something white under her arm. At the same time she knelt, put her parcel under the lip of the stone and then hurried away.

Who was she? In her present mood, with her mind running on one subject, Bridget could have no uncertainty. It must be that girl who had been doing down there! In her own walk through life Bridget had never stepped aside, therefore she was never on the side of the man who had. There was only one thing that could bring a girl out of bed in the middle of the night to a place like that.

When Will Skillicorne reached home half an hour afterward he was carrying a bag of straw. With this he was to make the sign of the cross on the back of the sick cow, and say some good words about St. Patrick and St. Bridget, at the same time a hot water and water.

"But the craythur is better these three hours," said Bridget.

"Praise the Lord!" said Will. "That must be the sign of the cross from the good man came down from his bed to me in his flannel drawers!"

"But did thou meet anybody as thou was coming up the glen?"

"Was it a woman?"

"It's like it was, now."

"Did she go into the mill-house?"

"I believe in my heart she did, though."

Bridget was triumphant.

It was the "Collister" girl! There could not be a doubt about it. And being of day she would go down to the glen and see what she had left under the Clagh-ny-Doonee.

"Show me the road at Hollantide, will ye, Bridget? The dirty black road! We'll see! We'll see!"

Beattie's sleep of exhaustion deepened to delirium and for a long day she lay in the grip of the fever and floated in her unconsciousness, she had a sense of confusion. A babel of meaningless voices, like the muffled sounds of a wild night, were whispering in her hearing. A man and a woman were in her bedroom, talking like somnambulists.

"Her feet have been bleeding. Where has she been, then?"

The man's voice must be that of Doctor Clucas, and then came some vague answer in the woman's voice, with a thick snuffle and a suppressed sob—"Her mother's."

Beattie heard no more. A cloud passed over her brain that was like the rolling mist that alternately reveals and conceals the face of the sea. When it cleared she heard a strange woman's voice outside the house—her bedroom door had been left open that her mother might hear her if she called.

"I didn't know thy daughter had come home, Liza Collister."

"And how dost thou know now, Bridget Skillicorne?"

"How? There's some one coming will tell thee how, woman."

Beattie felt as if somebody had struck her in the face. Had anything become known to her? Had she heard her stepfather speaking in the kitchen?

"Is she herself yet?"

"Not yet."

"Snekes alive, man, what art thou saying?"

"I'm saying that old woman on the house after finding her daughter under the millrace and sending her man to the police to fetch it."

"Fetch what?"

"Just a parcel in a silk scarf with a 'P' arm sticking out—that's all, ma'am."

The doctor at the hospital had been holding a post-mortem and now Cain, the constable, was to make a house-to-house visitation of the parish to find the mother of the child.

Beattie covered her mouth to suppress a scream. But something whispered: "Hush! Keep still! They know nothing."

Early next day she was awakened by the sound of many men's voices downstairs, and her mother's voice in angry protestation.

"I tell thee, I know nothing about it. The girl came home to me three days ago, and I put her to bed, and she has never since been out of it."

"They all say that, ma'am," said one of the men. It was Cain, the constable.

Little later, while Beattie lay with closed eyes and her face to the wall, she became aware of several persons in her bedroom, among them her mother. She knew it was Cain—she could hear his asthmatic breathing.

"Is she really unconscious, doctor?"

"I undoubtfully say, You can leave her for a few days anyway. She'll not run away, you see."

After that, listening intently, Beattie heard the constable raving the room as if examining everything.

"What's this?"

Beattie drew a quick breath, but dared not look around.

# NICK CARTER DIED AS DREAM FAILED

He "Buckled and Bent" When Realities of Life Were Forced Upon Him

## NOT A NICKEL TO NAME

New York, May 1.—Joseph Van Rensselaer, writing today in the New York Herald, says "Colonel" Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey (Nick Carter) died without a nickel to his name. Several days before he "went out" they foreclosed a mortgage on a little place he called home, up in Nyack. That closed the last chapter.

"He never knew the value of money," said his wife last night. "He had difficulty in supporting his family. His estate consists of thousands of paper-backed novels, disintegrating in the dust and dark of a storage warehouse."

When Mrs. Dey said the "Colonel" never knew the value of money it is not quite the fact. It was just before his tragic death that the blighting knowledge came to him. It was a sudden stroke that struck him with the force of a thunderbolt. The habit of the years was too strong upon him. All his life he had kept expectancy on tiptoe, and when at last he was forced to the realization that life is not a dream that may be moulded by the dreamer, he buckled and bent.

## MAY QUEENS REHEARSING FOR PLAYGROUND EVENTS

Festivals Planned for 50,000 Children to Include Games and Dances

Fifty thousand children will see May queens crowned on the city's playgrounds. May Day exercises will be held Saturday on more than half the grounds under the direction of the Bureau of Recreation of the Department of Welfare. Another 50,000 will witness similar ceremonies the following Saturday.

In at least fifteen of the thirty playgrounds not only will the plays be given, but various athletic events will be held. At Starr Garden a regular athletic schedule has been arranged, with ball games, ring games and songs. At the Winston grounds there will be a boxing card and a number of dancing features, including a Japanese dance by Claire Holm and Anna Norbeck. A Swedish dance will be given by Marion Simpson, David Barclay, a Tacony boy, will dance the Highland fling, and a full tarantella is to be staged by the women's gymnasium group.

The Bureau of Recreation has listed the following as the centers for May queen coronations next Saturday, all ceremonies starting at 2:30 o'clock:

Starr Garden, Seventh and Lombard streets.

Kingsessing, Fiftieth street and Chester street.

Sherrwood, Fifty-sixth and Christian streets.

Happy Hollow, Wayne avenue and Madison street.

Diabston, Longshore and Ditman streets.

Hisey Playground, C street and Indiana avenue.

## CHARITIES BENEFIT IN WILL

Residue of \$41,000 Patrick Kelley Estate Goes to Son

Three bequests to Catholic institutions were made in the will of Patrick Kelley, probated today. The residue of his estate of \$41,000 went to his son, Edward J. Kelley. \$ums of \$100 were left to the Little Sisters of the Poor, to St. Joseph's Home for Homeless Boys and to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. Kelley died on April 21 at his home, 2254 East Clearfield street.

Other wills probated today are those of Adelle G. Coane, \$6,000; Bernard J. Ledner, \$37,000; Margaret Kienan, 602 North Thirtieth street, \$6,450; William J. Patton, 2102 Olney avenue, \$10,000; Alfred H. Van Horn, Cynwyd, \$5,000.

Inventories were filed in the personal estates of Ellis M. Hirst, \$72,250.46, and Maria L. Gray, \$80,762.92. Letters of administration were granted in the estates of Clara E. Cole, 1706 Haver street, \$9,000; and Morris Schwartz, 642 Diamond street, \$7,000.

## Was "Wholly Charming"

Dey lived in what may be described as a perpetual state of temporary "honesty." He was a capable, magnetic, brilliant chap—debonair, impetuous, thrifty, unreliable and wholly charming.

He looked like the handsome hero of the 90's. There was a cleft in his chin. A thin, black, damp-looking wisp of hair curled tantalizingly over his high, bulgy, shining forehead. You associated him with a wide, hot silk sash belt, chromatic shirt, an English walking coat. He had the "air distinguishing."

He always was purchasing estates and never completed the transactions. Once he had \$200 in his pocket. It was a dream that he would be moulded by the dreamer, he buckled and bent.

## ESTATE & CRESCENT GAS RANGES

CRYSTAL WHITE REFRIGERATORS

Wm. Akers Jr. Co. 10th & Filbert Sts. Hotel and Restaurant Supplies China, Glass and Silverware American and Imported Table and Bed Linens at Wholesale Glass Shelves



Cost and Gas Tank Water Heaters, Instantaneous Water Heaters, Acme Filtering Flues

Happy Hollow, Wayne avenue and Madison street.

Diabston, Longshore and Ditman streets.

Hisey Playground, C street and Indiana avenue.

## Ready for CLEAN-UP WEEK

Grant's Paint, Varnish and Varnish Stains

60c PER QUART

W. T. Grant Co. 920 Market St. Next to Postoffice



Mixed ready for use. Strictly high grade. All the best colors.

## THE PHILADELPHIA MILK EXCHANGE

BOTTLE EXCHANGE 1115-21 Poplar Street Tel. Pop. 156—Park 32

## How Many Uses Has a Dessert

There was once a Woman in Moderate Circumstances who was particularly famous among her friends for her desserts.

"I don't see how you do it," said a friend enviously, as they were talking together one afternoon.

"Your dinners are always delicious, and your desserts triumph. Just the other night Bob and I were talking, and he said he never had tasted such delicious pie filling as he had here last Friday night."

The Woman in Moderate Circumstances smiled quietly, and continued to crochet. "It's so ridiculously simple," she said at length. "I use Pudding, that's all."

"Pudding?" questioned her friend.

"Yes," she replied. "Pudding is my desert of many uses. Long ago I gave up making cornstarch puddings—one can never count on their turning out right. But with Pudding, one can make a delicious, creamy dessert that always turns out—a firm, smooth mold, luscious, rich and so nutritious. It's easy to make, too," she added. "All that is required is to add some sugar and milk, and boil for three minutes."

"But," objected her friend, "you have more than one dessert. How about the delicious blanc mange you served the night the Giblans were here? And what about that creamy mound of wonderful vanilla dessert you had one time?"

"I tell thee, I know nothing about it. The girl came home to me three days ago, and I put her to bed, and she has never since been out of it."

"They all say that, ma'am," said one of the men. It was Cain, the constable.

Little later, while Beattie lay with closed eyes and her face to the wall, she became aware of several persons in her bedroom, among them her mother. She knew it was Cain—she could hear his asthmatic breathing.

"Is she really unconscious, doctor?"

"I undoubtfully say, You can leave her for a few days anyway. She'll not run away, you see."

After that, listening intently, Beattie heard the constable raving the room as if examining everything.

"What's this?"

Beattie drew a quick breath, but dared not look around.

## A Quaker City Cab Stand Is Within Easy Call!

STANDS Broad St. Station W. Phila. Station N. Phila. Station Market St. Ferry Chest. St. Ferry Bellevue-Stratford Hotel Walton Hitz-Garlon Hotel Adelphi Arcadia Cafe Hotel Majestic Hotel Lorraine Hotel Stanton Continental Hotel The Union League Racquet Club Rittenhouse Club Wanamaker Store Philadelphia Club

Telephone SPRUCE 1700 RACE 1700

And when you want Pullman Car Service from Philadelphia's pioneer Taxi Company

Call Spruce 1700

65,697 more people have called for Quaker City taxis this year than in any other quarter of our history.

That's confidence!

QUAKER CITY CAB CO. (Low Rates)



Write for Literature 247-9 N. 12th St., Phila. Phone Walnut 4082

## Little Benny's Notebook

By Lee Pope

Yesterday was Mary Watkins' birthday and I was wondering what to give her that didn't cost anything on account of me not having any money to buy anything, and my sister Gladdis came home from Art School and I had a grade idea, thinking, G. I'll ask Gladdis to draw a picture of me and I'll give her that.

And I said, Hay Gladdis, will you draw me a picture of myself and give it to me?

Nothing doing, said Gladdis, I've

And she started to draw me and after a while I said, Are you really three, Gladdis? and she said, On the contrary. Meaning she was just starting. And the fellows started to yell and wisel outside and pritty, soon I sed, Is it nearly done, Gladdis?

When you see me stop you'll know its done, and for goodness sake quit that wiggling around, youre keeping about as still as an animated worm, sed Gladdis, and I sed, Well, toley smokes, Gladdis, gosh, G, my neck heris from keeping it in one position so long.

Its flatterin if anything, and Meaning I wasent any better and maybe worse, and I went to a picture of Douglas Fairbanks of a magazine and put it in a old ture frame ma sed I could have gave that to Mary Watkins instad.

## AMERICAN STORES CO.

Let's All Pitch In

The week beginning Monday, May 1st, has been designated by the Department of Public Works of Philadelphia as Clean-up Week. Let us all do our part in carrying out this splendid idea, which has for the past several years been observed most loyally by our citizens, to the great advantage of our city.

With the proper effort and co-operation of every one, Clean-Up Week should be a great success, and our city a better place to live in. Let's all pitch in with a vim—clean up, paint up, rout the Demon Dirt from his every hiding place. To assist our customers to economically co-operate with the city authorities, we are running some attractive specials this week in cleaning needs.

**Brooms** : 45c Brooms cut to 39c  
60c Brooms cut to 54c  
70c Brooms cut to 64c

Washing Soda . . . . . 3 lbs for 10c  
Chloride of Lime . . . . . big can 10c  
Snow Buy Powder . . . . . pkg 4 1/2c  
Gold Dust Powder . . . . . pkg 4 1/2c  
Babbitt's Best Borax Soap . . . . . 6 bars 25c  
P & G. Naphtha Soap . . . . . cake 5c  
Star Soap . . . . . cake 5c  
Fels Soap . . . . . cake 5 1/2c  
Star Naphtha Powder . . . . . pkg 7c

Old Dutch Cleanser . . . . . can 9c  
Sunbrite Cleanser . . . . . can 4 1/2c  
Bon Ami Powder . . . . . can 11c  
Young's Soap Chips . . . . . pkg 9c  
Young's Soap Powder . . . . . pkg 12c  
Insectine . . . . . can 12c  
Whitewash Brushes . . . . . each 15c  
Scrub Brushes . . . . . each 12c, 16c  
Dust Brushes . . . . . each 18c, 32c

Galvanized Pails each 17c  
Strongly constructed. Big value.

Ammonia 3 bottles for 20c  
or Bluing 3 bottles for 20c  
Assorted any way you wish.

Victor Bread Big Loaf 6c  
Big golden brown loaves of goodness baked in our own sunshine bakeries.

Victor Raisin Bread, loaf 10c  
With California Seedless Raisins.

Loanella Butter lb 48c  
This exquisite butter lends the grace of distinction to your table. Taste it!  
Pure creamery prints.

Fine Table Salt 3 Bags for 10c  
Special price for this week.

Asco Sifted Peas cut to 17c can  
With that "just picked" 3 cans 50c

Asco Black 3 Five-Cent Pepper 3 Cans for 10c  
Special for this week only.

Temtor Preserves jar 20c  
Peach, Pineapple and Blackberry  
Temtor Strawberry and Raspberry . . . jar 25c

Asco Corn Flakes 3 pkgs 20c  
Asco Pork & Beans 3 cans 25c  
Asco Evap. Milk tall can 9c  
Asco Jelly Powder 3 pkgs 25c

Gold Seal Flour 12-lb 57c  
Asco Tomato Catsup Big 15c bot  
Asco Cream Mints lb 25c  
Asco Cornstarch pkg 7c

Asco Bak. Powder can 5c, 9c, 17c  
Cooked Corned Beef big can 23c  
Asco Sour Krout big can 16c  
Asco Whole-Grain Rice lb pkg 9c

ASCO Coffee 25c lb  
The first cup of an Asco Coffee will make you an enthusiast—it's a rare blend of goodness. Ever had a cup of this delicious coffee? Try it—you'll taste the difference!

ASCO Teas 12c 1/4-lb pkg  
Five delectable blends to please the most critical. Orange Pekoe Mixed Old Country Style Plain Black India Ceylon

N. Pineapple Cakes . . . . . lb 29c  
B. B. G. Crisp . . . . . lb 19c  
C. Fresh from the ovens.

Rich Cheese lb 25c  
Nice and creamy. Delightful flavor.

Sunsweet Prunes . . . . . lb. 12 1/2c, 18c  
Gold Seal Oats . . . . . pkg 8c  
Asco Farina . . . . . pkg 10c  
Juicy Grapefruit . . . . . each 10c

Asco Mustard . . . . . jar 12c  
Princess Salad Dressing . . . . . bot 21c  
Asco Macaroni . . . . . pkg 9c  
Sugar Corn . . . . . can 10c

## Tuesday Specials In Our 207 Sanitary Meat Markets

CITY DRESSED MILK-FED VEAL

Breast . . . . . lb 12 1/2c  
Shoulder . . . . . lb 16c  
Rack . . . . . lb 22c  
Rump Roast . . . . . lb 22c

Neck . . . . . lb 14c  
Loin Chops . . . . . lb 28c  
Chops . . . . . lb 22c  
Cutlets . . . . . lb 32c

## GENUINE WETHER MUTTON

Loin Chops . . . . . lb 35c  
Rib Chops . . . . . lb 28c  
Rack Chops . . . . . lb 18c

Shoulders . . . . . lb 15c  
Neck . . . . . lb 12c  
Breast . . . . . lb 10c

Legs of Mutton . . . . . lb 30c

## NATIVE BEEF

Thick End Standing Rib Roast . . . lb 18c  
Best Cuts Standing Rib Roast . . . lb 28c

These prices effective in our Phila., Camden and suburban Stores and Meat Markets